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Mrs. W.M. Pozer 8 oop

In a Buddist Temple.

(Miss Carling, of Chiangchiu, in 'London Missionary Society Chronicle.')

We had been living in Amoy eleven months, and our first examination in the dialect of that port loomed in the distance. It was in search of a quiet corner in which to cram our 'It, Ji, Ham' (a Chinese primer) that Miss Parslow and I had gone to Chiangchiu, the city where we have since found a home. From the moment of our arrival there, however, the native Christians, especially two Bible-women, showed by their frequent friendly visits that they were eager to make our acquaintance as soon as possible.

These two women called one morning and announced their intention of taking us to see the 'South Temple,' so named from its situation in the south quarter of the city. One cannot very well be otherwse than 'up' in the points of the compass, the principal streets of the city being built in the form of a cross, at the extremities of which are the city gates, directly facing the cardinal points, after which they are named. In those days —six years ago—we attracted a good deal more attention as we walked along the streets than we do to-day. A dozen or more children and a few adults followed us into the temple. One of the priests having unlocked the door of a room in which were placed three very large gilded images, the children eagerly described their merits to us.

When they paused for a moment, I asked: 'Why are the idols here?' One little boy, who seemed surprised at my ignorance, put both hands reverently together, and, bowing very low towards one of the idols, said: 'For us to do this too.'

I then asked: 'Of what use are they?' There was a slight pause, and then came the answer: 'They take care of us.' 'Are they always here?' I asked. 'Yes.' 'Do they never go to your houses to look after you?' At this they all laughed. 'Oh, no,' they said; 'they cannot move.'

'Can they hear us talking?'

Again came a pause for consideration. One boy was sure they could, another was doubtful, but the rest answered emphatically 'No.' I then began to tell them about the God who 'hears,' the Bible-women supplementing my remarks, which, owing to my limited knowledge of the language, were necessarily few and simple. The priest seemed interested, and asked many questions, such as 'Where is God?' 'How old is he?' 'Who told you about him?' 'What is he like?' etc.

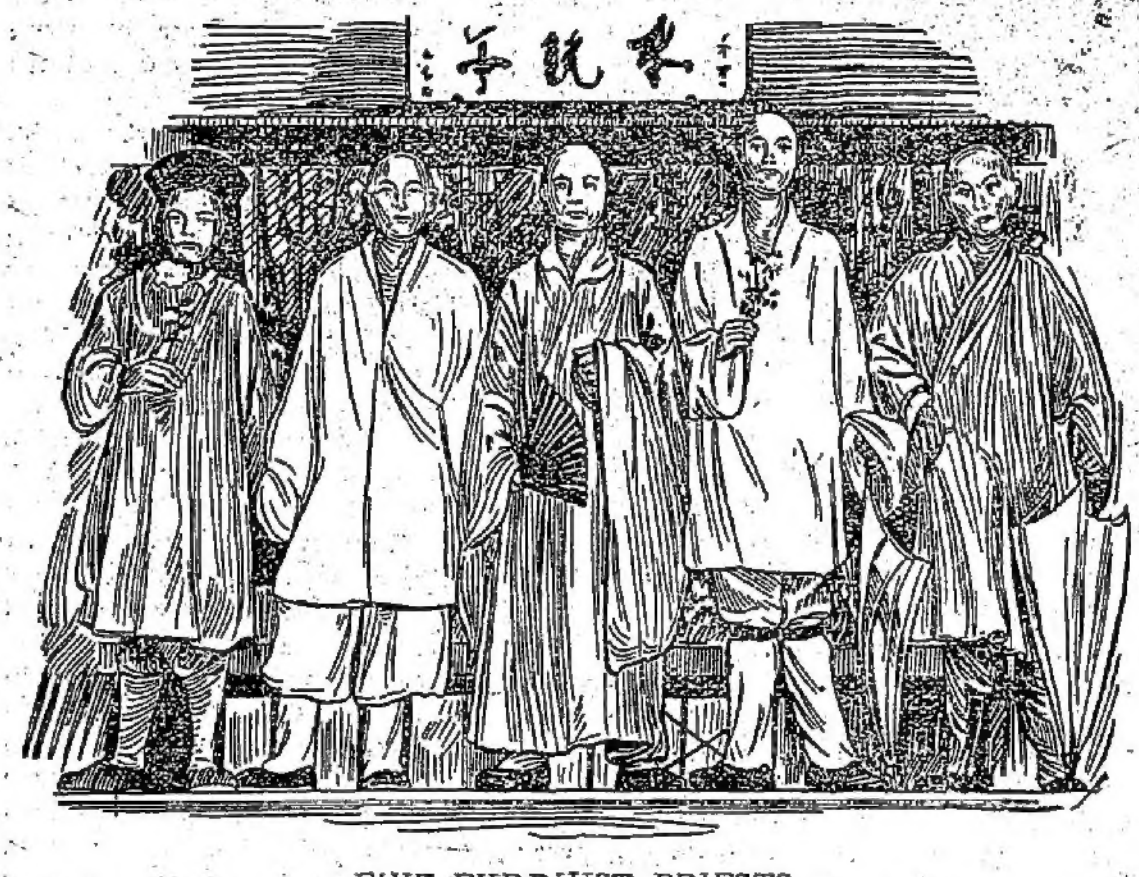
On the following Sunday, as I passed through our Sinkio (New Bridge) chapel to the seats reserved for women—behind a high screen, and, alas! behind the pulpit—I noticed this priest among the worshippers, but I learned afterwards from Mr. Joseland, who was preaching, that he only remained a short time.

Priests are usually kind and courteous to all visitors, offering them tea and sweetmeats, and conducting them round the temple and grounds, proud to show all the sacred treasures, and to answer questions about them. They are strict vegetarians, and take their food in silence, always sitting in the same seats, and on one side only of the tables.

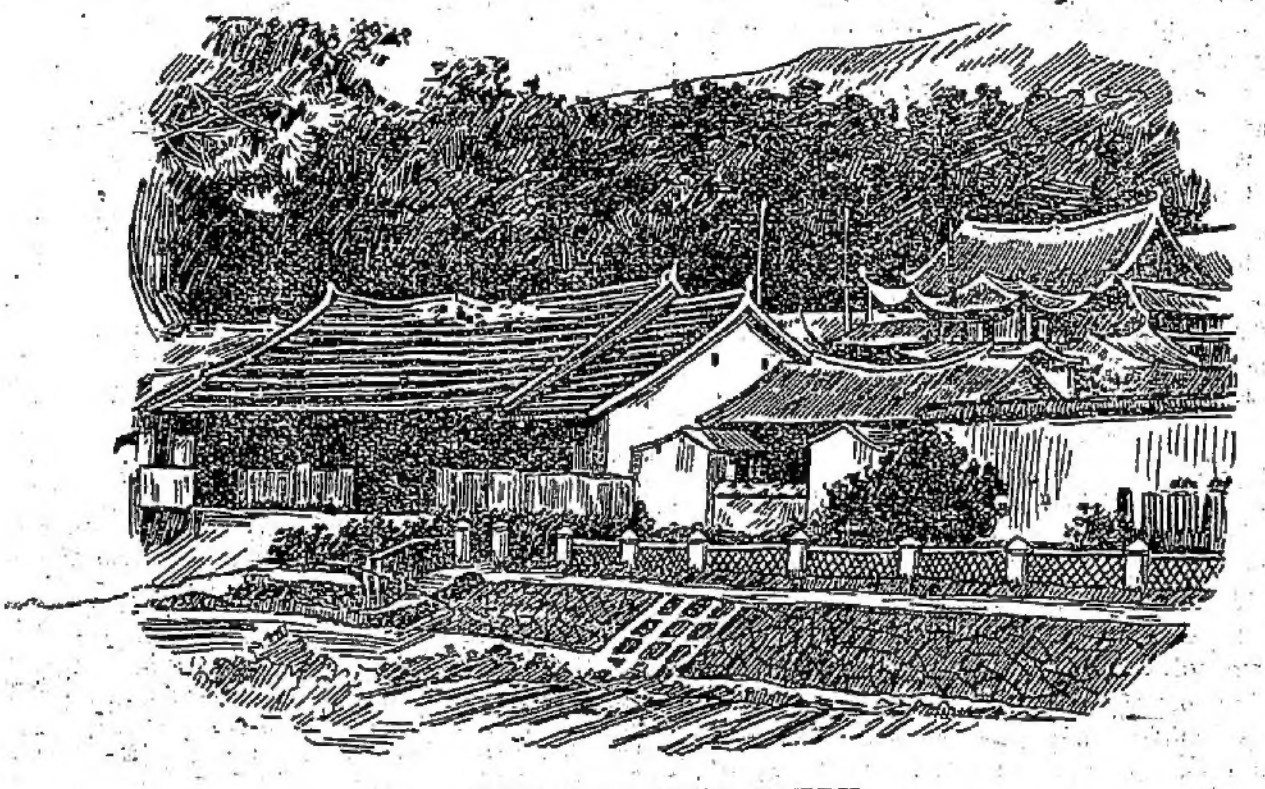
The few I have seen have kind, earnest faces. On their clean-shaven heads they 'bear the marks' of nine burns, a symbol that they have renounced the world, 'choosing rather to suffer affliction . . . than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' As they kneel to receive their ordination, cones of charred sandalwood and saltpetre are fixed in position with an adhesive mixture, and then set light to.

They spend much time in worship, marching round repeating phrases aloud, and prostrating themselves before the images with an appearance of reverence and sincerity, waiting, surely, for 'him whom they ignorantly worship to be declared unto them.' Temples are often built on hills and mountains, and are always placed so as to command the best view possible. They are cleaner than ordinary dwelling-houses, and Europeans have sometimes proved them to be cool and pleasant retreats in the summer months. Pilgrims always find a welcome, with food and shelter, there. The temples are kept in repair, and the priests supported, by the voluntary contributions of the people. These are sometimes thank-offerings for blessings received. Mr. Barber, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, has said that 'the Chinese give the best of all nations in the world to charitable objects.'

The accompanying photographs of the Kushan Monastery, near Foochow, where five hundred priests reside, and of some of the priests themselves, will give a general idea of Buddhist temples and priests in the Fuhkien province. The photographs were sent to me by a native Christian who has recently visited the monastery, and who writes: 'The five priests shown standing in the arbor seemed particularly ready to listen to the Gospel. Their earnestness moves me to pity; I cannot forget it.'



FIVE BUDDHIST PRIESTS.



KUSHAN MONASTERY.

A Subtle Danger.

When a boy I visited a Christian family of wealth, refinement, and fashion. One afternoon nearly all went to the theatre, myself for the first time. The play was amusing, and, the title would imply, perfectly innocent. But a ballet dance was presently

performed. Then for the first time in my life I saw persons of the pure sex immodestly dressed. The shock to my boyish sense of decency, startled at a sight so indelicate, but fascinating, I can never forget. I stole a glance at my companions. They seemed used to it.

The result was that for nearly twenty years I have had to fight against one of those terrible twin temptations of young men, the saloon and the theatre. From drink I feel perfectly safe. But were it not for God's grace, the other, I believe, would have ruined me. Though I became a Christian, and a Christian Endeavorer, and joined the White Cross League, I dare not now break my rule never to see a show where is exhibited a woman dressed as I would not willingly have my sister seen. It has been so hard to be pure in heart. Colonel C. D. Wright truly says this is one temptation more ruinous than drink.—'C. E. World.'

A Rice Convert.

(By the author of 'An Honorary Missionary,' in 'Baptist Missionary Magazine.')

Lying in my hammock, half awake and half asleep, I was dreamily watching a sinuous and slowly moving bulge on the white canvas cloth over my head. I knew it represented a snake, but I knew also that he would not harm me if I let him alone, and I waited to see if he would capture the rat which inspired his slow and stealthy progress across the cloth ceiling of my room. Outside, the hot and brilliant noon of India reigned supreme. Not a living thing seemed to move in its deathly and enveloping heat. Even the punkah-wallah, overcome by the noontide fervor, had fallen asleep. I was all the hotter for lack of the feeble artificial breeze he had been making, but was too hot to make the exertion necessary to awaken him.

I never could make up my mind to adopt the ingenious plan of some white men in India, who arrange a dish of water, so placed that when the punkah-wallah, overcome by the heat and drowsiness, drops asleep, and the whirring rope ceases to act, by pulling a string, the sleeper gets an involuntary bath. I always thought how little I should like it myself. Then again the dish of water would serve only once and the Hindu would fall asleep many times. So my punkah-wallah often slept at his ease, while I rolled and perspired with the heat.

The bulge in the cloth ceiling was almost to the wall of the room. A quick shake of the cloth and a small squeak showed that my friend the snake had helped to make the number of rats in the thatch of my house one less in number. I shared his satisfaction at his success, and involuntarily turned to try again for another sleep.

As I turned my eyes toward the doorway I saw that one of the sharp, brilliant rays of sunshine which penetrated the semi-darkness of my room through every crack in door and shutter, was interrupted by some object, and with lazy curiosity I watched developments. Something was surely moving across the floor of my room. What it was and how it got there I could not tell.

As it came nearer into a little brighter ray of sunshine on the floor I saw that my guest was a man—a tall, athletic Hindu, with the stripes of his caste in the centre of his forehead, and dressed in the snowy turban and robes of his class.

'What do you want?' I sharply asked.

My uninvited guest salaamed profoundly, and with deep, melodious voice replied, 'May it please the Sahib, I am a Christian.'

This was decidedly interesting. Converts from the higher castes of India are too rare a sight to a missionary to be neglected. With a vigorous pull on the string I stirred my sleepy punkah-wallah into action, and, turning to my uninvited guest, I asked him how he became a Christian.

I found he did not believe in idols, either that they were gods or that they had any power for good or ill. He had been a fakir in the past and had learned by experience the worthlessness and hollowness of priestly pretensions, and the falseness of the claims of the Brahmans.

As, with the courtesy native to the Hindu, and with soft, melodious voice, he told his story my heart rejoiced at this new recruit for Christianity. With graceful and persuasive gestures, he emphasized his desire to leave his old religion, and to become a follower of the God of the Christians. With a caution learned by long experience of Hindu ways I began to question him.

'What will your friends say if you leave the Hindu religion and become a Christian?'

A cloud passed over his countenance as he replied: 'They will cast me off, but I will serve the mission. I shall give up my family and I shall lose my work, but I will become a servant of the mission.'

Alas! there came to light the hidden subtlety of the Hindu mind. The idea of sacrifice without compensation is unknown to the Hindu. If he builds a temple it is for merit; if he fasts it is that he may gain favor; if he walks on burning coals, lies upon a couch of spikes, permits himself to be hung by a hook from a lofty pole, or throws himself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, he always expects to gain more than he will lose.

My hopes failed. I explained to the would-be convert the necessity of sacrifice for his new faith. I told of the unrewarded sacrifice of Jesus Christ, how he gave himself for us, and all for our good, expecting nor gaining nothing in return. I urged the new convert to follow in the footsteps of the Saviour.

'The words of the Sahib are good, they are true. I believe them,' was the reply. 'But without work I cannot live. Can I not serve the mission?'

It never came to me before with so much force, the great contrast between a convert to Jesus Christ in a Christian land and a Christian convert in a heathen land. In the home land the convert finds everything to help. Friends cluster around him; the arms of the Church are open to receive him; he enters more fully even into the current of life in the best and highest sense.

Before the Christian convert in India there is nothing but a blank; a future, indefinite, uncertain; old ideals are broken; old friends are lost; old ways are left; old means of support fall away.

What shall the new convert do?

I tried to encourage him. I told him of the hopes which the religion of Jesus Christ brings for the future and of the comfort for the present time. I explained that being so ignorant of our religion he could not serve the mission well for a long time.

His face was sad, and he slowly turned to go away. Before he faded into the bewildering sunshine he once again turned and said, 'I am a Christian'—and he was gone.

For many days I wondered what had become of my noontide guest. He had not told me whence he came nor even his name, but everywhere I went I watched the dusky faces of those who gathered to hear the preaching of the Word to see if among them all I might again meet with my would-be convert. At times I felt that perhaps he had come simply, as so many do, in the hope of obtaining employment. He might be simply a 'rice' Christian, seking daily food by means of the profession of a new birth; but more often I felt that there must be something genuine behind his first confident profession, 'I am a Christian.'

One day we pitched our travelling tents on the outskirts of a large village. In the early morning we made our usual progress through the streets of the village, singing Christian hymns, giving tracts, and inviting all to come to the preaching service at the tent. In the pariah palem many of the poor people listened to the songs and received the tracts and promised to come. In the handsomer and cleaner and more orderly caste quarters of the village few listened to the songs or received the tracts, but many expressed their contempt for the strange religion, in both manner and words. Fierce threats, and even stones, assailed us, but we made a safe escape, and at the morning service a goodly number of pariahs were present, but none from the Brahman quarters. Resting through the sultry noon, when it is almost death to the white man to be exposed to the direct rays of the Indian sun, we again visited the village. As the shades of evening drew on, in some way I became separated from my native helpers and associates, and, losing my way in the growing darkness, I wandered through the streets of the village, vainly seeking the way to our encampment.

As I passed through the streets in the caste portion of the village the hatred of the morning, intensified by the preaching of the day, again showed itself. Stones began to fly about my head, and a noisy and turbulent crowd gathered on either hand. I realized my danger and hastened to escape, if possible; but the peril became more serious. In vain I tried every side street and alley which I came across. My way was hedged up by an impenetrable mass of angry people, and I saw that I was caught in a trap. Realizing that something must soon be done or my life might be the forfeit, I plunged desperately into the first narrow alley, with the resolve to push my way through at every hazard. I struggled with those who sought to detain me, and for a time succeeded in warding off the blows aimed at my unlucky head. The darkness and confusion were in my favor, but one straight blow disabled my right arm. I felt my strength failing and feared that all was over.

Just then a strong arm grasped mine. I knew vigorous blows were directed at those in front and on every side, and in the grasp of a powerful man I was hurried rapidly through the group of men who closed the way through the alley, but quickly dispersed before the vigorous assault of my unknown helper. The peril past, we hurried rapidly forward until I saw the lights of our encampment on the outskirts of the village.

Turning in wonder to thank my unknown helper, I saw that he had not escaped unscathed. Blood was streaming from wounds on his head; his left arm now hung helpless by his side. As we approached the light of our civilized lamps at the tent he made as if to go away. I turned to thank him and to ask his name—and saw that it was my noontide guest.

'Why, is it you?' I said.

He gravely smiled and as gravely said, before disappearing in the darkness:

'Sahib, I am a Christian.'

And I began to believe him.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Aug. 12, Sun.—We which have believed do enter into rest.

Aug, 13, Mon.—Harden not your hearts.

Aug. 14, Tues.—The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword.

Aug. 15, Wed.—All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

Aug. 16, Thurs.—Let us hold fast our profession.

Aug. 17, Fri.—We may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

Aug. 18, Sat.—Christ glorified not himself.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Opportunities for Young Explorers.

(By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., president of the Royal Geographical Society of London.)

When the world was young there was an endless field for exploration, as strange countries and peoples lay in every direction. Then the thrill of delight which comes of first seing unheard-of landscapes and people could easily be attained. One envies the joy of those young Nasamonians, of whom the Father of History tells us—Herodotus heard their story from some Greeks of Cyrene, whose authority was the King of the Oasis of Ammon:

The five gallant youths were sons of the chief people among the Nasamonian tribe, which dwelt on the shore of the Greater Syrtis, a gulf of the Mediterranean. To the south of their home was the trackless desert, and the young men longed to cross it, and learn what countries and peoples were on the other side. The young explorers must have made intelligent preparations, for they successfully traversed the desert, came to the fertile country and the towns of the negroes, saw the great river Niger and its crocodiles, and returned home in safety. They were the first of a long and glorious roll of explorers who have prepared for their work with care, performed it with resolution, and been rewarded by success and a happy return.

The race of Nasamonians will, I trust, never be extinct. It is certainly in full vigor now. Stupendous as is the work of discovery achieved since the days of Herodotus, much remains to be done, and youths abound, of various nationalities, who are as zealous as the young dwellers by the Greater Syrtis. Let me give two instances of their spirit:

Some sixteen years ago a boy at school in Stockholm early displayed the geographical instinct with which some boys are born, but which will bring them nowhere unless they diligently cultivate it. Young Sven Hedin cultivated his gift with the utmost perseverance from the age of fifteen. He made himself acquainted with the labors of every explorer whose narrative was within his reach. As regards the Arctic regions, he drew beautifully executed little maps to illustrate each expedition, showing the tracks of the exploring ships, from Cabot and Cortereal to Payer and Nordenskiold.

Soon his skill and geographical knowledge began to be appreciated, and his help was sought by men of science. But it was not until he had served this long apprenticeship to his favorite pursuit that Sven Hedin thought himself fit to undertake the work of an explorer, selecting Central Asia for the field of his labors. Yet he was still very young; only in his twenty-second year.

After eight years he returned with a rich harvest of valuable results. He travelled over Persia, Bokhara, the Pamirs and eastern Turkestan. He ascended the famous mountain of Mustaghata for twenty thousand feet, and has carefuly mapped its glaciers. After suffering terrible privations, and losing two of his four men and all his animals but one in the maze of sand-dunes, he was the first to cross the awful Taklamakan desert, between the rivers Yarkand and Khotan.

He discovered and examined an ancient city which had been buried under the sands for centuries, and had again emerged into the light of day.

He explored a previously unknown part of the lofty plateau of Tibet, for two months not meeting a single human being in those icy solitudes of the Tsaidam. He was afterward exposed to the attacks of Tangut robbers. Finally, he solved the geographical problems connected with Lob Nor.

When he reached Pekin, he brought home

DR. SVEN HEDIN.

large collections, valuable maps and drawings, much new geographical information, and an intensely interesting narrative as the results of his arduous exploring labors, yet he was barely thirty years of age.

A YOUNG EXPLORER IN AFRICA.

Another recent example of the prowess of a modern Nasamonian may be taken from the continent of Africa. Young Henry Sheppard Hart Cavendish landed at Berbera when he had not yet completed his twentieth year. He travelled over the wild country of the Somalis until he reached the banks of the river Jub, a very long and most difficult journey. He made his way across the mountains into the interior. He overcame all obstacles. He was the first to explore the western side of the great Lake Rudolf. He collected information respecting

H. S. H. CAVENDISH.

the unknown country between that lake and the White Nile, and he made his way across the vast region between Lake Rudolf and Mombasa.

He completed this exploring journey with a success which proves that he possesses not only courage of a high order, but judgment and power of influencing his followers, which are qualifications not often met with in so young a man. For he was but a few months more than twenty-one years old when he returned not long ago.

The aspiration for geographical fame is a very noble one, and resolute action on it is calculated to satisfy youthful cravings for distinction. A young explorer can realize, and often more than realize, the day-dreams of his boyhood, open up new fields for the enterprise of others, and add to the store of human knowledge. So that when he returns home he will receive the applause not only of his countrymen, but of the great scientific brotherhood throughout the world. If it is the lot of the explorer to fall before his work is done, to find a glorious end in the midst of his discoveries, there can be no more heroic death.

Humanely glorious, men will weep for him
When many a guilty martial fame is dim.
He ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain,
Pursued no rapine—strew'd no deck with slain.
And save that in the deep himself lies low
This hero pluck'd no wreath from human woe.

This was the poet Campbell's tribute to La Perouse, the accomplished French navigator and discoverer.

A boy who feels within him the geographical instinct should follow the example of Sven Hedin, and devote some of his spare time to the study of the best books of travel, and the construction of maps to illustrate the routes of travellers, as well as the tracks of celebrated navigators. It is also very desirable that young aspirants should become familiar with the manipulation of such instruments as the sextant and theodolite, and their adjustments. For there is a knack in the use of instruments which can only be thoroughly acquired early in life.

An intending explorer should have a scientific training, and be able to observe and collect with knowledge and intelligence. When he has selected the region to which he intends to devote his attention, he should not start on his expedition until he has made himself well acquainted with the work of all his predecessors who have traversed it, if it is not wholly new, or who have been near if it is unknown. This is of the utmost importance.

He should allow nothing to escape him. Many a mistake is avoided, much labor is often saved, when the traveller possesses this needful information.

With such training, and with a special knowledge of the region to be explored, acquired by diligent and exhaustive research, the traveller goes forth as a knight fully armed. He takes his place as one of those pioneers of civilization to whom the world owes so much, fully capable of performing, with thoroughness and efficiency, the duty he has undertaken.

The ideal traveller should be patient and long-suffering, as well as firm and courageous. There can be no more glorious boast than that of the late Joseph Thomson, the African traveller, who could truly say that, in all his numerous journeys among savage and often hostile tribes, he never spilt one drop of native blood.

The young explorer may find no one absolutely perfect type among his predecessors, but he should set before him, for emulation, the learning of one, the discernment of another, the forbearance of a third; the courage and determination, love of adventure, and devotion to the cause of geography, of all.

Many people suppose the whole world, except only the extreme Arctic and Antarctic

regions, to have been explored and mapped already, but, in fact, there is no lack of unknown lands to which our modern Nasamonians can turn their attention.—'Youth's Companion.'

An Anthem in Church.

(Marianne Farningham, in 'Christian World.')

Why on that Sunday more than others should the singing of that particular anthem so affect one listener? It was not sung every Sunday in the Congregational Church, but once a month it usually formed part of the service, and, therefore, it was not its newness or strangeness that gave it on this Sunday its haunting power.

'He hath filled the hungry with good things,
And the rich he hath sent empty away.'

The refrain lingered in her heart after the singers had ceased, and even the preacher's voice was overborne by its insistent echoes:

'Sent empty away,
Empty, empty away,
The rich he hath sent empty away.'

At first it was only like an irritating suggestion, but presently it gathered force and settled upon her with ominous and chilling solemnity. What must it mean to be sent empty away from God? Did it mean anything but mere words? And what had the words to do with her?

She sat between her husband and her son, and her two daughters were at the end of the pew. Handsome, well-dressed people they were all of them. There were no furs in the whole church to equal hers for richness and costliness, and there was no one family in all the congregation that contributed so much to the funds. One thing more she had set her heart upon, and it was that she might be driven to their place of worship in her own carriage. She had reiterated her wish that morning to her husband, and he had vexed her with his reply:

'Some day, perhaps, my dear, when you are too old to walk. At present we do not need it very much, and I really cannot afford the extra expense.'

'You know very well that you could afford it, John, if you cared to do so. You would have, possibly, to be a little less generous to the chapel that you might be the more generous to your wife, that is all.'

It was a cruel suggestion, and the man winced under it, first flushing, and then becoming pale. His wife noticed the pallor with a feeling of slight uneasiness, and half wished that she had not uttered the words; only half, however, for his contributions to the church were larger than she approved, and frequently annoyed her. She knew her husband's circumstances very well indeed; no one sitting at the desks in her husband's place of business knew more of profit or loss than did this invisible partner in a large concern.

Keen, shrewd, ambitious, she had in her the making of a good woman of business; and, knowing this, her husband always consulted her, and she was able to influence him greatly. He was really less enterprising than she, and he had introduced several changes into his business at her instigation, which had proved profitable. She was harder than he, and many times he would have yielded to adverse circumstances or shirked the difficult climb but for his wife. Neither he nor she knew how near she was to being a taskmaster of rigorous inflexibility, but it is certain that if she had been a softer woman his banking account would have told a different tale.

'The rich he hath sent empty away.'

Empty of what? Were these really things that the rich had to miss? But then she was not rich; she only wished to be. Her husband's successes were not commensurate with her desires, she had urged him on a good deal, but she knew that she had the same work yet to do, for he was so much more easily satisfied than she. Of course, she wanted to be rich, every woman did, and it was stupid to pretend otherwise. Wealth meant power to do good. Was that why she wanted it? Partly, she was sure of that. But altogether? No. She frankly admitted to herself that the world was too much with her.

She glanced at her husband; he was unusually pale this morning, and there was a look in his eyes which showed that his thoughts, too, were wandering from the sermon. He was evidently tired, for his whole appearance spoke of lassitude and weariness. With a sigh of impatience she compelled herself to attend to the sermon.

But then a strange thing happened, for a vision was called back to her. It was the vision of a young girl whose joy suddenly became too deep for words, and who knelt beside a little white bed in a country home and wept out her vows to God. This was on the evening of the day of her first communion, and the divine love of the Christ had filled her heart to overflowing. And as if that were not enough, John had whispered his love to her as they stood a moment in the moonlight under the old elm tree at the end of the garden. Ah! how truly happy she was that night, happier than she had ever been since. Happy because she was good, for God dominated her then, and not the world.

She remembered the promise that she then made, it was that by all the power of her life and love she would help the man who cared for her to rise to the highest and best. Alas! she could not be satisfied that she had done this; how could she when she knew that she had not cared for the highest and best herself? Oh, to feel for one half-hour the glow of fervor which filled her being in the old days when she had not wished to be rich.

'Sent empty away.'

Yes, that was her case now. The blessing of the meek in heart, the exaltation of the lowly, the peace of the unworldly, were not for her. She had chosen the other part and she must take the consequences.

And then as in a flash of light she saw things. Her husband looked very old sometimes, he was not the man that he used to be. He was drifting away from the old moorings, too, she was afraid, and she sighed at the thought. What of her children? She would like them to know the beautiful glow of religious joy which she once felt, but they were scarcely likely to do so, for the home of their childhood was different from that of her own. Sent empty away. If she could bear it for herself, she could not for them. She remembered an old phrase: 'Leanness of soul!' That had indeed come to her; but she almost cried out in her agony, 'Not for my dear ones, O God. Fill them with good things, if I am sent empty away.'

She had only partly heard the sermon; but when the benediction was pronounced she knelt in a pasion of prayer, and remained so long on her knees that her husband and children were surprised at the unusual circumstance. But they knew afterward.

If there is such a thing as a second conversion she experienced it then.—'Christian World.'

Natalie's New Work.

(Julia D. Cowles, in 'Forward.')

Natalie Wood sat by the dining-room table with brushes and paints scattered about and a half-finished calendar before her. Natalie knew how to paint charming figures of children and flowers for her calendars, blotters, and menu cards, which she sold to the stationer in town.

'Aunt Jennie,' Natalie said, as she dipped her brush into the crimson lake, to finish off the petals of a rose, 'I wish that I could think of something newer than menu cards and calendars, just to vary the monotony of things.'

Aunt Jennie laughed. 'Perhaps we can think of something new if we keep our eyes open. At any rate, I will do the best I can to help you.'

But as it proved, Natalie herself was the one to think of the something new that she had been wishing for. She worked on in silence. Then she put away her brushes and paints and put on her wraps for a walk.

She started out somewhat aimlessly at first, then it occurred to her that she had not yet called upon the girl who had joined the Sunday school class two weeks before. 'I shall never have a better opportunity than now,' she said to herself as she turned in the direction of the girl's home.

The first thing that Natalie noticed upon entering the modestly furnished parlor was a card upon the wall, and on the card, in fanciful letters, was this text: 'What think ye of Christ?'

On her way home Natalie's thoughts kept reverting to that text. Then suddenly it occurred to her that the new idea for which she had been searching had been sent to her.

'I want to know what you think of my new idea, Aunt Jennie?' she said as soon as she reached home; then she told of her call and the text upon the wall. 'I felt sure at once that they were Christians,' she said. 'Then on my way home I began to wonder why more Christian people did not have some such way of letting even their chance visitors know to whom they owned allegiance, for one cannot always speak of Christ to such people; and gradually from that point I began to wonder why I could not paint some texts, in very legible letters, but making them atractive, too. I believe people would like them.'

'Your idea is certainly a good one,' Aunt Jennie said, earnestly. 'I have often wished for something of that kind for my room, and now I will give you your first order, and will tell you the text that I want.'

'Oh, good!' exclaimed Natalie. 'Tell me your text and I will begin work right away.'

'Look at the last verse of the Fourth Psalm,' replied Aunt Jennie. 'That is the text which I want in my sleeping room.'

Natalie soon had her materials together, ready for work, and her Bible beside her. She turned to The Psalms and found the verse that had been chosen: 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'

'What a beautiful verse,' said Natalie, thoughtfully. 'I will make a number like that.' Then, as she turned the leaves of her Bible before beginning work, she found another verse, at which she stopped: 'I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.' 'That is another good verse for a sleeping room. I will print some with that, too.'

A few days later Natalie went to the store at which her work was sold and showed her texts to the proprietor.

He looked at them with interest. The letters were large and clear, yet so beautifully

formed as to make the cards which bore the texts most attractive. Besides the texts which she first selected, she had printed some like the one seen at Nettie's, and a fourth one bore these words: 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.'

Within a week she received orders for more texts, and the demand proved to be steady, thus increasing the scope of her work as well as her earnings.

She was looking at the text in Aunt Jennie's room, one day, as she sat chatting with her. 'Do you know,' she said, 'that I enjoy painting my texts better than any other part of my work. I try to do it all "heartily, as to the Lord," but this part of my brush work seems to be real work for Christ.'

A Pop-Corn Ministry.

(Rev. W. A. Bartlett, in Boston 'Congregationalist.')

My friend, the philosopher, claims to understand human nature, and the other day, as we took our seats in the train, he remarked that the great majority of the race have no ambition.

'For instance,' he said, unfolding his paper, 'look at that pop corn man; you can tell from his cheerful tone of voice that he is satisfied, and that his highest ideal in life is atained when he has sold out.'

I made some feeble rejoinder to the effect that there were worse occupations than selling pop corn.

'Very true,' replied the philosopher, who dabbles in business and shines in society, 'but what an awfully narrow and unproductive existence!'

The philosopher then took an expensive cigar from his case and said that if I would excuse him he would go into the smoker.

After my friend had gone, a man in front of me turned around and said, 'I couldn't help overhearing your conversation, and if you will permit me I should like to tell you something about that pop corn man.'

'By all means,' I replied, not particularly relishing the prospect, as I wanted to read an editorial on the Philippines.

'I consider that man who peddles pop corn one of the best and greatest men in our city,' continued the stranger, emphatically.

'Indeed,' I replied, feeling sure now that I was to be bored by a 'crank' of the first order. Of all bores the train bore, who keeps you from reading or thinking, is the greatest.

'I will not encroach more than a moment on your time,' said the man, noticing, perhaps, a look of strained politeness on my face.

'That pop corn man comes from a good family line,' he continued. 'His grandfather was governor of ——, but from my point of view the governor has as much reason to be proud of being the ancestor of my friend as he has in having this official progenitor.

'This man's father was a minister, and served a little country church for thirty years. His mother was the salt of the earth, and when this boy was born she said he was a child of promise—God had made her sure of it. From the first the child was "set apart" for the ministry, and his disposition and character seemed to point that way.

'When the boy was fifteen years old his father died and it was necessary for him to leave school to help provide for his mother and two other children. His father's salary had been somewhere between three and four hundred dollars, and the family expenses had been helped out by working a small farm.

'Then the mother died, and without a word of complaint the boy assumed the added burden—and it was a tremendous struggle to take care of those children.

'The people of the place were poor, and while they were kind they had no opportunity to help much, except to give him odd jobs, chores and such like, with what pay either in money or stuff they could.

'One winter before the mother died they had a hard time to get along, and while no one outside suspected it, there were days when there was nothing in the house to eat.

'James, this boy, began to sell pop corn—he went from house to house, you know, and many bought it at first as a matter of benevolence, but the corn was so good that James created quite a demand. People said his was always just so, and somehow he could make it better than any one else.

'Well, sir, it was wonderful what that fellow had to go through with. Sickness and all kinds of things took every cent he had and more. But he never seemed to lose his courage.

'He gave his brother and sister a little start in life, and they are well to do. But there was no more show of his becoming a minister than the man in the moon.

'By-and-by, when he had the younger ones started, he wakened up to the fact that he had been working too steadily in taking care of them to learn any trade or profession. He told me it was the darkest hour of his life when he was told that he was too old to begin a business. Nobody wanted him for a boy's place, and he was not competent to fill a man's. He says that the Lord showed him, after a night of praying, that if the corn business was good enough for one time it was for another. He says he hasn't had a doubt since.

'One day I got him to tell me what he has told to few. He said that when he made up his mind to pop corn for a living he asked the Lord to ordain him for it—funny, wasn't it?

'He made up his mind to preach the gospel by peddling pop corn. He determined to buy consecrated corn, the best grade. He would use only good butter, even if the profits were a little smaller. He would pop the corn as a religious work, and not a stale bag would he sell for fresh. Only a pop corn man knows how much that means.

'Then he promised the Lord that he would call his corn in a cheerful voice—first, because he wanted people to know that he regarded his work to be as honorable as any other; and, second, to "hearten people up." He claimed that a cheerful tone not only helped business, but gave people courage. If it was to be the Lord's work, he said, it must do good.'

The stranger paused, and after a short silence reached for his paper, as if to read. But somehow I felt that the Philippines could wait. 'And then?' I asked.

'Does it interest you?' he questioned. 'To tell you the truth,' he said, 'my friend's history is in a way sacred to me, and I do not want to tell it to any one not in sympathy.'

'I should not feel satisfied unless I heard more,' I replied.

'He had some difficulty in getting permission of the company to sell on their trains. He called that his examination. But when word came to go ahead, he said he felt as a young minister might when passed by a council. He entered that first train as if he were going up the pulpit stairs, and he said to himself, "My mother's prayers are answered, the promise is fulfilled."

'That first day two small boys were making a disturbance in a car. The passengers were disgusted at the screaming and fighting, and their mother was entirely discouraged. When James came through, saying, "Pop corn, pop corn, fresh buttered pop corn," the boys made a dive for him, yelling like Indians, "Ma, get us some." James said he prayed that it might quiet them down and give their mother a rest."

'Did it?'

'Yes, and when the two bags were empty—it was but a matter of a few moments—an old gentleman near by bought more in self-defence.

'James always has a pleasant word when he thinks it will do good. Once a young woman got on the train, and there was a long box in the baggage car with her husband or some dear one in it. She sat with her handkerchief to her eyes, weeping. James took in the situation, and when he came into her car he said, "Pop corn," in a kind of sympathetic way, and after a while the girl got to looking for him to come through.

'Once he rested his basket on the arm of her seat and said, in a low voice, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee," and went on. It came to me in a roundabout way from some of her friends that it was the first real comfort she had received.

Another time the train was late, and a lecturer, some great preacher, found he would not have time to get a lunch, so he bought pop corn from James. "I wish I could speak up as bright as you, my man," said this minister, who looked worried and tired.

'"We both have the same Lord, sir," said James.

'The next morning James read of the eloquent and "impassioned" speech made before a crowded house the night before by this same man. "He gave them some of the gospel of pop corn," said James, and when the preacher saw him on the return trip he kept shaking his hand and said: "If it hadn't been for your words and your good corn, my Christian friend, I should have been flat last night; God bless you."

'But James doesn't calculate to do much talking or preaching. He says there is a great gospel of cheerful doing needed, followed by prayer, and the Lord will take care of the words.

'The train waits at our station about four minutes, and James gets on at the front end of it. Very often he gives a bag to the train hands and conductor, who take it home, or munch it in the baggage car, and by the time he gets through the smoker, where the sales are light, the people are out and new passengers have taken their seats. One day a man who had stayed to talk came rushing through the car just as James was entering the door. He tried to get his basket out of the man's way, but the fellow ran into it and then turned fiercely on him and said: "Confound you and your confounded basket; why can't you get out of the way?"

'"It was too bad," said James, kindly, "take a bag of pop corn to the children and call it square."

'The man was by that time nearly down the steps, but he hesitated and went back, put out his hand to shake and said: "It was my fault, and you're a gentleman." Then he took a bag of corn and threw a dollar in the basket and disappeared.

'"That's a gospel bag," said James, looking wistfully after the man. "Every kernel of it will do him good, and I shall have a thank offering."'

'But how do you come to be so interested in this man?' I inquired.

'Well,' said the stranger, slowly, 'I happen to be pretty intimate with the man who ran into James that day, and by the time I—I mean he—had eaten the last of the corn, and thought about the man who made it, he had come to the conclusion that there was a

sermon somewhere, either in the corn or the man who sold it, and—but here is where I get out; only I wonder if your friend in the smoker will ever do as much good in his whole life.'

'Knocking Down' a Nickel.

(G. I. Cervus, in 'Union Gospel News.')

John Elderkin was riding from his home in the suburbs of N—— to his office in the business part of the town. It was at the early morning hour when traffic was greatest, and in the rush and hurry the conductor of the trolley car overlooked him and neglected to ask for his fare. Entering the car, Mr. Elderkin was fortunate to get a seat; he had the morning paper in his hand, and this he was anxious to peruse. He was methodical in his habits, and to this end had taken out a five-cent coin prepared to hand to the conductor; but, as I have said, the latter overlooked him.

He waited for some little time without unfolding his paper, with the nickel in his hand, and then, as no attention was paid to him, even after he had attempted to signal the conductor, he gave up the effort and put the coin impatiently back into his pocket. When the car arrived at the corner down town near which his office was situated, he threw down the paper and jumped off, leaving the fare unpaid.

As men of business go, John Elderkin was a strictly honest man; he would not have picked a pocket, nor forged a name, nor overreached any one by any sort of sharp dealing in a trade. Indeed, it was his own firm belief that he kept strictly the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

Perhaps if the news in the morning paper had been less interesting, perhaps if his sleep had not been disturbed the previous night, he might have decided not to defraud the company; but he did decide, though the idea of fraud was far from his thoughts. There had been a brief—a very brief—mental struggle; a dialectic whose debate took about this shape:

'I owe five cents for the ride; I ought to pay it; if the conductor does not directly ask me for it, it is my duty to hail him and tender it unasked.' So much for the affirmative; the negative argument, for however 'subconscious,' it was yet an argument, declaimed in this wise: It is the conductor's business to collect fares, not mine. He is paid to do that work, not I. Why should I constitute myself the servant of the corporation, a thing without a soul, whose franchise, by the way (so the story ran) had been gotten out of the city by ways none too clean, perhaps bribery and corruption?

The 'noes' had it; the man had his ride for nothing, and for a time forgot the incident entirely.

Now, let us see who remembered it. The conductor? No; one of his fellow passengers? No; none of them paid the least attention to him or his evasion. Some will say that it was God, in whose book not only are all our members, but all our movements and motives written, and perhaps think that in pointing that moral the story, such as it is, finds a fit climax. Well, it really was God, but in these days of rationalism, when everything is questioned, and reason demands a reason for all it sees and hears, my belief counts but little. So, if you please, I shall briefly point out exactly how it was that God remembered.

A few months after the incident of the uncollected fare nine men were sitting around a table in a sumptuously furnished office in the city of N——. These were the directors of the N—— Electric Railway, and the occasion was the semi-annual meeting of the board. Various minor matters came before them, and were disposed of, among others the cases of several conductors who had been accused by a 'spotter' of 'knocking down' fares, that is, of collecting more money than they rang up, or turned in to the company. One of these was the conductor whose failure we have narrated. The spotter's report, endorsed by the general manager of the road, was read, and showed that on a special trip—that we have chronicled—half a dozen passengers had ridden more than had been 'rung up' or accounted for.

Cassidy, the conductor, was called in; strenuously denied having appropriated a cent, but admitted—as he was rather new to the business—that some fares, in the rush of the morning hour, might have escaped him. The president, though exceedingly mild, was a strict man of business; he pointed out to Cassidy that, though his record in other respects was excellent, and the manager spoke highly of him, the rules of the road must be enforced. One of these was to the effect that if more than five fares were found lacking on any single trip by negligence only, the penalty was a week's suspension.

'We believe you, Cassidy,' said the president, kindly, 'that you took none of these fares for yourself, but the rule must be enforced.'

Poor Cassidy went out in great distress. A week's pay—nine dollars—meant much to him, for he had a sick wife at home, and a month-old infant.

'And to think,' said he to himself sadly, 'to think that one fare cost me nine dollars, too bad, too bad.'

While he was going down the stair from the directors' room they were entering upon the more important business of the meeting. The treasurer exhibited his accounts—so much in the way of gross receipts from passenger traffic, and so much 'contra debit' in a multitude of items—construction account, account of repairs and maintenance, salaries, interest on bonded debt, for the sinking fund, etc.

'And what do you make the net balance, Mr. Trenholm?' asked the president, peering over his glasses.

'Total receipts,' replied the treasurer, 'for the fiscal half year ending Dec. 1, $2,489,-910; expenditures, $2,276,910.05; balance; $209,999.95.'

'Has it been audited, Mr. Rathbone?' asked the president of the chairman of the auditing committee.

'It has, sir.'

'And the sum at our command,' continued the president, 'I observe lacks a trifle of the amount necessary to declare our usual semi-annual dividend of three percent.'

'Pshaw!' broke in one of the directors impetuously; 'it's near enough. What is five cents in so large an amount? I move that the dividend be fixed at the usual rate of three percent.'

'I second—' began another; but the president interposed:

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' he said, 'that I do not put the question; but our by-laws are imperative. Mr. Secretary, will you be so good as to read the by-law on this subject of the declaration of a dividend.'

'By-law number fifteen,' said the secretary, reading: 'No dividend to stockholders shall be paid or declared except from a surplus which shall have been actually earned.'

There was silence for a moment, and then the impetuous gentleman had his say—that it was near enough; that he would give the extra five cents out of his own pocket, and that it was a trifling matter anyway.'

'A principle,' said the president, who was given to old saws, and was a stickler for the law's letter, 'a principle, Mr. Morton, is no trifle.'

'Then why not take my five cents,' said the other impatiently, 'nunc pro nunc, as we lawyers say; let the auditing committee go over the accounts again, and report the balance $210,000 net. That would meet the difficulty.'

'Or,' put in another director, 'we might amend that by-law, for this once. The board has the power to amend its own by-laws, hasn't it, Mr. Secretary?'

'Certainly,' responded the secretary, quietly, 'on a month's notice.'

'Besides,' said the chairman of the auditing committee, 'my associate auditor, Mr. Gray, happens to be absent from the city. We completed the work only yesterday. He said that, as there was sure to be a quorum here to-day, and as he had promised his wife he would take a run off to the Adirondacks. At this moment I presume he is on the train beyond Saratoga.'

There were others, besides the president, among the members of the board who were 'sticklers' for principle,' and so in the end the motion to pay a three percent dividend was voted down, and one of two and a half percent was declared.

* * * * * *

John Elderkin had a sister-in-law, a widow with two daughters. Her husband had died about a year before the time of which we are writing, and left her in what some might consider 'reduced circumstances.' Her small cottage was free and clear, and there was some money from a life insurance policy. To be exact, this sum was ten thousand dollars. By Mr. Elderkin's advice half of this was invested in bonds and mortgages, and the balance in stocks of the N—— electric railway. The company had only just begun operations, it was doubtful how far the project would pay, and the stock was purchased for fifty cents on the dollar. So much for the widow's finances. When January came round it was a fact that she was in some straits for ready money, straits which perhaps could have been avoided had she sent her girls to the public school instead of a private academy, or if she had not put sanitary plumbing into her cottage. It is not for me to find fault or call her extravagant, but it was chiefly the plumber's bill that worried her, only fifty dollars, but this—as it happened—was just the amount she needed to make both ends meet. Then the cheque came from the road for its half yearly dividend; this time, instead of the usual $300, only $250.

The poor lady was not perhaps very strong minded, yet who will blame her for crying and 'taking on,' or for sending for her brother-in-law to learn what it all meant.

'It isn't your fault, I know, John,' she said tearfully; 'you advised the investment, and no doubt meant it all for the best.'

So she went on. Now this kind of talk is always more or less exasperating; but John Elderkin gave no sign of annoyance, but promised to call at the office of the company and find out if he could 'what it all meant.'

Mr. Trenholm, the treasurer, was a personal friend, and in the course of the conversation, without divulging 'board secrets'—the whole story came out. At what stage in the talk John's 'subconsciousness' began to work I cannot say, but it did work, so effectively that it awoke memory, and that in turn keen conscience. The facts (quite incidentally) in the case of Conductor Cassidy came out, and on the whole it was a tolerably 'bad quarter of an hour,' as the French say.

I suppose there never was a more astonished man in all N—— than Cassidy when Mr. Elderkin found him after a trip, and paid what he assured him was an old debt, nine dollars. Probably he has not yet gotten over his astonishment.

Mrs. Elderkin, however, was not at all astonished; in fact, when her brother-in-law came in that evening and paid her fifty dollars in a roll of bills, she took it all as only natural and in fact her just dues.

'Oh, I knew there had been a mistake,' she said serenely; 'I was sure of that; but really people are very careless and indifferent to the rights of others.'

'They are, indeed,' said John lugubriously.

'To be dishonest or indifferent costs more in the end than one thinks.'

'It does, indeed,' said John.

A Seashore Incident.

'I tell 'ee what 'tis—I've lived longer this morning than ever I lived all the years of my life before!' exclaimed a young rustic to the villagers of a hamlet on the English coast. The cause of this exultation was the stimulation due to new ideas acquired while guiding William Pengelly, the geologist, to a point on the sea-coast. John, the guide, who was the brother of the village innkeeper, curious to know why the stranger wished to go to the cliffs, suggested that perhaps the scenery had attracted him.

'No, I wish to examine the rocks,' answered Pengelly, 'and see if they contain any fossils.'

'Oh!' said John, with a puzzled look that indicated his ignorance of the meaning of the word fossils.

At the foot of a cliff, the geologist, seeing a black patch in the bluish-grey slate, dropped on his knees, and with hammer and chisel began extricating it.

'Why, what be about?' asked the surprised guide.

'Do you see this black patch?'

'Ees, I zee it plain enough.'

'Well, it's a fossil, and I am trying to get it out.'

'Oh, that's a fossil, is it? What is a fossil?'

'Sit down, John, and I'll explain. Do you suppose there are any dead shells or fish-bones lying on the bottom of the sea yonder?' said Pengelly, always willing to impart knowledge.

'Of course there is,' answered John.

'What is the state of the river in yonder valley after a heavy rain?'

'Why, very muddy.'

'When there is a heavy gale, throwing violent waves on the cliff, does the cliff ever give way?'

'Oh, yes; there's always some of it wasting.'

'Very well,' continued the geologist. 'The mud which the river brings down and that which the waves tear from the cliffs, finds its way to the sea, and sooner or later settles on the bottom of the sea, and buries the remains of dead animals lying there. A new sea-bottom is formed, on which other shells and animals' bones find their way and are buried. The work goes on for a long time; the mud and sand carried into the sea form a thick mass, which grows harder and harder until it becomes a rock, with remains of animals in it. If from any cause the rock should be raised above the sea, the waves would break it up, and a person who carefully looked for them would see shells and fish-bones which had been long buried, and he would call them fossils.'

'Is that the way the black thing got into the rock?' asked John, thoroughly interested.

'Yes.'

'Was this rock mud once?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you have opened my eyes. I'll tell 'ee what 'tis—I've lived longer this morning than in all the years of my life before!' exclaimed the guide, thoroughly aroused by the entrance of new ideas into his bucolic mind. 'So that's a fossil, is it?' he added. 'Was it a shell or a fish bone?'

'There is a difference of opinion. Some say it is a piece of sponge, while others think it's a part of a fish.'

'Well, never mind; 'tis a fossil. Let me look at 'en, and I'll try to find some.'

He inspected the rocks, and found several good specimens.

On their return to the inn John sought the kitchen, where he repeated to the villagers who came in the lecture he had heard in the morning, always ending with, 'I've lived longer this morning than ever I lived all the years of my life before!' Unknowingly the stimulating energy of new ideas caused John to illustrate the lines in 'Festus':

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most.

—'English SS. Times.'

Two Little Pairs of Boots.

Two little pairs of boots to-night
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They run the livelong day,
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away,
So tired am I to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies;
They rolled it up in marbles round,
And baked it into pies,
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold,
But when I see to-night
These little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk upstairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs, instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor 'cross the way
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn and grey.
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of little ones,
Let each of us beware;
For what would our fireside be at night
If no little boots were there?

—'Waif.'

A Compliment.

An old man and woman stopped opposite the Central High School building a few days ago and looked across at that rather imposing pile. They were plainly but neatly dressed, and while it was evident they were from the rural districts, there was nothing in their appearance to attract comment. A young man was waiting for a cross-town car close to where the strangers stopped. To him the aged man turned.

'That's a school-house, I judge?' he said.

'That's the Central High School,' replied the young man.

The old man looked interested.

'That's the principal high school, Mary,' he remarked to the old lady.

Then he turned back to the young man. 'We haven't been in Cleveland for a number of years,' he said: 'I guess it ain't since the Garfield funeral, an' we're just lookin' around. We take a good deal of interest in schools and school-houses.'

He paused and looked toward the sweet-faced old lady, who nodded brightly.

'Then you have children?' said the young man.

'Just one,' replied the old man.

'Of course he is through school?'

'Yes,' said the old man.

'Long ago?' said the stranger.

'How long is it, Mary? Five years since he graduated, ain't it?'

'Six,' said the old lady.

'I guess mebby it is,' said the old man.

'Graduated from your home school, I suppose?' said the young man.

'Yes,' said the aged stranger. 'He was our only child, an' Mary and I made up our minds to give him just as good an education as we could afford. An' we did, too.'

The young man smiled. He fancied that the boy in question had been given a decidedly limited send off.

'You say he graduated from home school?' he said.

'Yes,' replied the old man; 'but he didn't stop there. He wanted to go to West Austintown, and we sent him. Then he wanted to go to Hiram, and we sent him. And then he'd set his heart on Harvard, and we sent him there.'

'To Harvard?'

'Yes, and he was one of the class orators, too, on graduatin' day. It almost broke his heart because mother and I couldn't be there to hear him. But we couldn't feel that we could quite afford it, did we, mother?'

The young man looked at the old lady. There were tears in her eyes, but she still nodded brightly.

'And your son—where is he now?'

'He's a mining engineer in South Africa. Doing first rate, too. We hear from him regular every month. Why, what brought us to town to-day was to get a draft cashed that he sent his mother for a birthday present. Three hundred dollars—five dollars for every year—that's what Joe wrote. Mother's just sixty.'

The young man took off his hat to the old lady. 'I wish you many more birthdays, madam,' he said, 'and trust that each will be as pleasantly remembered.'

The old lady smilingly thanked him.

'Do you know what mother said?' enquired the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

'Why, no; what was it?'

'Mother said: "Let's speak to that young man, he seemed so much like Joe."'

And the young man walked away, feeling he might journey long and far, and not receive so high a compliment.—'Plain Dealer.'

Chinese Children.

Little yellow children are something like little white children. They are fond of sweet things, and they like to play with dolls and kites. Rich Chinese people dress their children in silk clothes, but—isn't it a pity?—they tie bandages

CHINESE CHILDREN.

on the little girls' feet so tight that it often hurts them and makes them scream.

Most of the children in China are taught to worship idols, but some have Christian fathers and mothers who teach them nice hymns and Bible verses about Jesus, all in their own Chinese language.

The Little Girl who Learnt from Everything.

Minnie, Mrs. Leslie's little daughter, came skipping into the parlor one morning rather before the time appointed for the daily lessons. She ran up to her mamma, who was sitting at work, and having kissed her, said, 'Oh, mamma, I have come down sooner this morning because I want to ask you something. May I talk to you a little before I begin my lessons?'

'What have you got to talk about that is so very interesting that you cannot wait till after lessons?' asked Mrs. Leslie, smiling.

'Why, you know, mamma—' began Minnie.

'No, my dear,' said mamma, 'I do not know till you tell me.'

'Ah! but you are laughing at me. Well, you know old Mrs. Bell came to tea with nurse last night. You said she might ask her. And do you know, she said, while she sat at tea with us, "It does me so much good to see all the little dears,' (she always calls us little dears), "they behave so pretty, and are so good." For, mamma, though nurse often finds fault with us, Mrs. Bell always admires our behavior.'

'And is that all you have to tell me?' there is nothing very wonderful in that.'

'Oh, no,' said Minnie; 'I'll soon come to it, if you will let me go on. She said: "Nurse, I always learn so much from seeing these children. I shall think about them when I am sitting alone at home, and feel quite the better for it." I laughed when she said so, and I said, "Oh, Mrs. Bell, how can you learn anything from us? you are such a very, very old lady, and we are only very, very silly little children." Then she smiled and said, "Ah, Miss Minnie, I can learn something from everything I see, and so will you if you will try." And then she and nurse went on talking of what I did not understand. I told nurse, when Mrs. Bell was gone, that I was sure that what she said was not true, and she told me I had better ask you. Now, mamma, is it true ? Can I learn from everything?'

'Well, dear, I think Mrs. Bell was right. I am sure, if we were to try, we might gain some useful lesson from everything we see. But I can hardly expect a little girl like you to understand or enter into the meaning of such a thought.'

'I want to understand it very much indeed,' said Minnie. 'I want to learn a great deal, and be a very wise woman when I grow up. Don't you think, dear mamma, that you could make it plain to me? Why, if I could learn from everything I might be always learning, because, you know, I am always seeing something, except, indeed, when I am asleep.'

'I will try, dear,' said mamma; 'but, first, you had better do your lessons. Afterwards I am going for a long walk; you shall go with me, and we will talk the matter over on the way.'

'Do talk about it first, mamma,' said the child, 'I shall be thinking of it all the while I am reading, and I cannot do anything well if I am thinking of something else. You know you said so yourself yesterday.'

'No, my dear, the lessons must come first.'

Still Minnie hesitated, and pleaded for her own way; whereupon her mamma, looking towards the window, called her to come and see what was passing.

'There is only a man and his dog,' said Minnie.

'Look a little longer, and see what they are doing,' said mamma.

Just then the man threw a stick he had in his hand to some distance, and ordered the dog to fetch it; the docile animal instantly obeyed. This was repeated several times. At last the man walked out of sight, followed by his faithful dog.

'There is nothing wonderful in that,' said Minnie, as she and her mother turned from the window. 'Our Tray will do so a hundred times, when Richard sets him to do it.'

'I did not tell you to look at that dog because it was doing anything wonderful,' said mamma, 'but because it was an opportunity of learning something. Can you tell me what lesson you might learn from what you have just seen?'

'Why, mamma!' said Minnie, in surprise, 'how could I learn from a dog? I cannot carry a stick in my mouth.' And she burst out laughing at the very thought.

'True, my dear; and if you could, it would be a very disagreeable accomplishment. But there was something the dog did which you can do. Try and find it out.'

Minnie was not at all fond of taking trouble, and, after thinking a minute or two, declared she could never guess it.

'Do tell me what you mean, mamma; it is so tiresome to try to guess it.'

'The dog obeyed, and obeyed instantly,' said Mrs. Leslie. 'That was the lesson you might have learned from him.'

Minnie colored up to her ears, then she said, 'Well, I will learn it, mamma.' And she ran and got her books, and went to her lessons immediately.

She applied herself to them very diligently, and did them all very nicely, so that her mother was able to praise her. When they were finished, she ran up into the nursery, calling out as she went upstairs, 'Oh, nurse, I have been learning from a dog!'

Nurse, who had forgotten the conversation of the previous evening, wondered what she meant; and while she was dressing her to walk with her mamma, enquired. Minnie, who was excessively eager and animated, began to tell her the

events of the morning; but as her dressing was completed before the story was ended, she left off in the midst, and flew down into the hall, where she found her mamma waiting for her..

'Now, mamma,' she said, as they walked along, 'I think I understand what you mean. Will you let me try to see whether I can find out what I can learn from everything we see as we walk along.'

'That will be a good plan,' said mamma.

'But, will you help me, if I cannot find out myself?' said the child.

'Yes, most willingly, my dear,'

Their way led them through the high-road, across fields, and down a charming lane. They also had to cross the river by a rustic bridge, Then they were to go into the village to call upon some poor people, and also to go to the shop.

As they walked, Minnie chatted away. 'There are some birds sitting on a tree; well, I cannot learn anything from them. And these sheep, I cannot see what they can teach me, poor silly things. Oh, look how they are running! What can be the matter? Ah, I see; there is a dog worrying them. I am afraid I shall not see anything that I can learn there. Oh, there is old master Sutton! Well, I am sure I cannot learn from him, he is so stupid and ignorant. Papa said one day he thought that he was hardly as intelligent as an animal. I wish I had got a half-penny to give him, poor fellow! Can you lend me one, mamma? I have got some in my bag at home. I will pay you the very minute we get home.'

The mother gave her a halfpenny, and she ran with great kindness to give it to the poor man, who was half an idiot, but very harmless. When she returned, Mrs. Leslie said, 'So you cannot learn anything from poor master Sutton?'

'Why, no, mamma,' said Minnie, with very great astonishment, 'he knows nothing, how could he teach me anything?'

He teaches me a great deal, whenever I see him,' said her mother; 'try if you can find out what.'

But Minnie was quite puzzled, and she reminded her mother of her promise to help her.

'Well, my child,' said Mrs. Leslie, 'he teaches me to be thankful to God, who has given me all my powers of mind, and to be humble when I think how imperfectly I

DRAWING LESSON IX.

have improved them. I might have been a poor half-idiot like that poor man. Now you may learn the same lesson.

Minnie looked very serious. 'Dear mamma, I never thought of that. I never thought how good God was to me, in making me able to know better than poor Sutton. I will try and remember what you have said every time I see him. I wish to be thankful, and to love God.'

'I hope you will, my dear. He has been very good to you.'

Home, Sweet Home.

'Our little Elsie was lost in the city to-day,' said Edith Corbett to her favorite school-mate, Ada Parry. 'Mamma and I were so frightened! We tore off to the nearest police-station and made them wire to every branch.'

'Did you find her in one of them?' asked Ada, nibbling at her rosy lunch-apple.

'No—she had wandered off to the park to feed the swans; she often goes there with the others, and the little darling found her way quite readily. She might have fallen into the pond; but a policeman saw her, and noticed that there was no one with her. He asked her name, and she said it was "just Elsie," and he asked where she lived, and she could only say, "Wis Mamma," and he was just taking her to the office when a messenger-boy who comes to our house, recognized her, and brought her home. That was what made me late. Mamma explained to Miss Duncanson in a note.'

'Our wee Jim is only two-and-a-half, and he can tell where he lives quite perfectly,' said Ada. 'Mamma had us all taught for the very reason that if we were lost in the city we could tell where we wished to go to! Do you know what Franky did when he was only four? He could not find his way home—I do not know how he had wandered—and he marched up to a cab-stand, and said to one of the men, "Papa will give you money if you take me home to 10 Albert Road." And Papa did.'—'Adviser.'

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 19.

The Man Born Blind.

John ix., 1-17. Memory verses, 4-7. Read Luke ix., 57-62: John vii., 2-9, 41.

Daily Readings.

M. Must Work. John ix., 1-12.
T. Been Blind. John ix., 13-27.
W. His Disciple. John ix., 28-44.
T. Bartimaeus. Mark x., 46-52.
F. Thy Light. Isa. lx., 1-22.
S. The Truth. I. John i., 1-10.

Golden Text.

'One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.'—John ix., 25.

Lesson Text.

(1) And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. (2) And his disciples asked him, saying, Master who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? (3) Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be manifest in him. (4) I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work. (5) As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. (6) When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay. (7) And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation, sent). He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing. (8) The neighbors therefore, and they which before had seen him that was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? (9) Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he. (10) Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? (11) He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash; and I went and washed, and I received my sight. (12) Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not. (13) They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. (14) And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. (15) Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see. (16) Therefore said one of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them. (17) They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet.

Suggestions.

Our Lord was one day walking along with his disciples when they saw a blind beggar sitting by the wayside. The disciples as they looked at the blind man remembered that they had been taught by the Pharisees that all affliction was sent from God as a punishment for sin. They did not see how a person could sin before he was born, and as this man had been born blind, they asked our Lord whether this affliction was a punishment for the man's sins or for those of his parents.

The Saviour answered that neither the blind man nor his parents had committed any extraordinary sin but that this affliction had been sent in order that God's mighty power might be shown forth. If this man had never known the miseries of blindness he could never have known the joy of receiving his sight. If he had not been in great need of the Saviour's help he would never have received from him the great blessings which he did. This man's affliction was not only the means of bringing a great blessing to himself, but because of his contact with the Lord Jesus he has been used as an illustration to all the world of one of the greatest truths of the universe. Jesus is the light of the world, only from him can the darkened soul receive light and healing.

Jesus said that we must work while it is day, that is, while we have strength and opportunity, for this life will soon be over and these bodies will soon be able to do no more work. Jesus is the light of the world, the only light that can dispel the clouds of doubt and unbelief, the shadows of sorrow, and the black darkness of sin.

The Lord Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man. He made clay with the dust of the ground and the water of his mouth, and anointing the eyes of the blind man, sent him to wash in the pool of Siloam. The blind man believed and obeyed the Lord, When he washed his sight was suddenly given to him, and he returned to his place full of joy. The neighbors and those who had known him before were filled with wonder and questionings, they could scarcely believe that it was he. The man declared his identity and they were forced to believe in him, but with great amazement they questioned him as to his healing. He told them what Jesus had done for him and how by obeying him he had received sight.

The neighbors of the man who had been blind took him before the Pharisees to be questioned. They were puzzled by the wonderful healing that had so evidently been performed, and disputed among themselves, some saying that if Jesus were a godly man he would not have worked miracles on the Sabbath, and others saying that if he were not godly he could not work miracles at all. It was not the commandment of God that would be broken by working miracles, but the traditions and additions of men, who, not understanding the spirit of the law, had enlarged and multiplied the letter of the law. Again the Pharisees questioned the man as to his healer. He answered, He is a prophet. Then the Jews determined not to believe that the man had ever been blind, but they sent for his parents and asked them. The parents said that he was their son and had been born blind, but declared that they did not know how he was healed, he was old enough to speak for himself and should just do so. They were afriad to take their son's part lest they should be put out of the synagogue, for the Jews had agreed that if anyone confessed Christ, that one should immediately be excommunicated. So they excommunicated the man who had been blind because he insisted that Jesus was from God. But Jesus found him and comforted him, and taught him that it was indeed the Son of God who had opened his eyes. He opened also the eyes of his heart, and the man knew his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

What kind of a man did Jesus notice?
What did the disciples ask about the man?
Who said, The night cometh when no man can work?
Who is the light of the world? Why?
What did Jesus do for the poor man?
Did the man have to trust or obey?
What was the result?
What did the Pharisees say?
What testimony to Jesus did the man give?

C. E. Topic.

Aug. 19.—The woes of the drunkard. Prov. xxiii., 29-35. (Quarterly temperance meeting).

Junior C. E Topic.

THE DRUNKARD'S WOES.

Mond., Aug. 13.—Bodily. Luke xxi., 34.
Tues., Aug. 14.—Mental. Titus i., 15.
Wed., Aug. 15.—Family. Ex. xxxiv., 7.
Thu., Aug. 16.—Loss of self. Isa. v., 11-12.
Fri., Aug. 17.—Loss of friends. I. Cor. v., 11.
Sat., Aug. 18.—Loss of hope. I. Cor. iii., 17.
Sun., Aug. 19.—Topic—The woes of the Drunkard; what are they? Prov. xxiii., 29-35. (Quarterly temperance meeting).

Various Experiences of Sunday School Teachers.

(Rev. Theo. Gaehr, in 'Living Epistle.')

That teachers' meetings may be made an occasion of great blessing and profit has again been demonstrated in the teachers' meeting of the church over which the writer presides at present. At some recent meeting it was decided that, in the week following, every teacher give his experience in Sunday-school work. Great interest was manifested in the exercises from the beginning. In the hope of profiting some of our fellow-workers we give the following extracts and bits of experiences.

The first to give his testimony was our superintendent, a comparatively young man. He said that he had been practically engaged in Sunday-school work as an officer or teacher for eighteen years. After having filled the office of librarian for a few terms he was given a class of young ladies, who seemed bent upon puzzling their teacher with 'hard questions.' They agreed that no questions should be asked which would not pertain to the lesson. But even then it sometimes seemed difficult to satisfy the queries presented in the class. A number of years ago, when this mission Sunday-school was started, he was one of the first to take active part, faithfully going on his way of duties every Sunday afternoon, which often implied the exercise of considerable self-denial. But, he added: 'The work has always been a delight to me.'

The brother who spoke next has been a member of the church for about three years only. After his conversion he commenced to go to Sunday-school—wish that all new converts would imitate his example—which was quite a new experience for him. There being a lack of teachers in this prosperous Sunday-school, he was soon pressed into service, although he protested that he was unable to teach. 'I depended a good deal on the boys to help me out. I learned many things from them,' he said. By patient and diligent study of the Word, by his whole-hearted consecration to the work, and, above all, by his dependence upon the Spirit of God, he has become a most excellent Sunday-school worker and a very acceptable teacher.

A young brother testified that he had been teaching for a year and had determined, by the help of God, to do his best and to lead his scholars to Christ.

A sister related how she came to attend the Sunday-school only since last summer. She did not know for what reason she should attend the Sunday-school until urged to come. She soon became so deeply interested in the work that, after a few months, she was placed in charge of a class, which appears to prosper under her leadership.

A young sister who has grown up in the Sunday-school spoke of her experience of a year and a half, saying that the greatest difficulty she meets with is ignorance of the Word on the part of her scholars. She was advised to introduce a uniform system of Bible reading among her scholars—a plan which worked admirably with hundreds.

Another young lady, who had been teaching for about two years, gave some interesting incidents out of her experience, which led to an informal discussion as to the best way of interesting the scholars in the study of the lesson.

Another teacher stated that, during the five years last past, she had been teaching three different classes, and though she had also met with some trials, 'teaching had always been a blessing to her.' Thank God for true devotion to this sacred occupation!

The writer stated that, during the last nine or ten years, since he has been teaching in the Sunday-school, he had charge of eight classes. He was most impressed by the hopefulness of a Sunday-school teacher's work, which will bear its choicest fruits in the future, rather than at present. With him, also, Sunday-school work has always been a favorite occupation, a source of untold blessing and delight.

On the whole, it was a most enjoyable meeting. We shall never forget it. May its results be seen and felt in better teaching, united effort, and consecrated service for Christ and his kingdom!.

Study Moses from the bulrush cradle on the banks of the Nile to the strange ending on 'Nebo's lonely mountain.' Do you know how much of history, art, science, and literature can be gained from that one Bible character? Boys are naturally hero worshippers, and they will find no modern warrior, statesman, or poet, who is equal to Moses; and when, through the study of the teachings and life of the grand leader of the Hebrews, they have learned to love the God and Father of us all, there will be no difficulty about their going to prayer-meeting.—Florence J. W. Burnham, in 'S.S. Times.'

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER 1.—THE WINES OF THE BIBLE.

1. Q.—What is wine?

A.—The juice of the grape, fermented or unfermented, is called wine.

2. Q.—Why do we have wine spoken of in the Bible, as good to drink, when we know that wine will make a man drunk?

A.—There are two kinds of wine spoken of in the Bible, the fermented wine, or that which contains alcohol, and the unfermented, which contains no alcohol.

3. Q.—Where is wine first mentioned in the Bible?

A.—Gen. ix., 21, 'And he (Noah) drank of the wine and was drunken.'

4. Q.—If Noah was such a good man why did he get drunk?

A.—It is possible that this was the first time he drank fermented wine, and did not know that it would make him drunk.

5. Q.—How is wine spoken of in the Bible?

A.—In three ways. First, where there is nothing to tell whether the fermented or unfermented is meant.

Second, where it is spoken of as the cause of misery, and as the emblem of punishment and of eternal wrath.

Third, where it is mentioned as a blessing.

6. Q.—As our English Bible uses the word wine in many cases as meaning any one of these three, how we do know that intoxicating wine is not always meant?

A.—Because the Bible was first written in Hebrew, Chaldee and Greek; different words were used, which have all been translated wine in our English Bible, without always saying what kind of wine it was.

7. Q.—Can you give us two of the Hebrew words meaning wine?

A.—Yes, Tirosh and Shekar.

8. Q.—What is the meaning of Tirosh?

A.—Tirosh means 'must,' new wine,' 'unfermented wine.' Gen. xxvii., 28, 37; Micah vi., 15; Isa. lxv., 8.

9. Q.—How is it spoken of?

A.—It is spoken of as a blessing.

10. Q.—How did the Jews use the best of this wine?

A.—'All the best of the oil, and all the best of the wine (tirosh) . . . they shall offer unto the Lord.' Num. xviii., 12.

11. Q.—How is Shekar spoken of?

A.—As an evil or curse, as strong drink; it means the fermented wine. Lev. x., 9.

12. Q.—What is fermented wine?

A.—Wine that contains alcohol.

13. Q.—How many texts in the Old Testament, which was written in Hebrew and Chaldee, warn us against wine?

A.—The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Scotland, tells us there are seventy-one texts in the Hebrew Scriptures or Old Testament containing warnings and reproof against wine.

14. Q.—What does another greater writer, Dr. F. R. Lees, tell us?

A.—That there are twelve texts which denounce wine as poisonous and venomous.

15. Q.—How do those texts describe it?

A.—As destroying and deceiving; the 'poison of dragons and the venom of asps.'

16. Q.—Do any texts prohibit it?

A.—Nine prohibit it in certain cases, and five totally prohibit it.

17. Q.—What is then clear to us about the wine of the Bible?

A.—That there was good wine, fit to drink, with no alcohol in it, and evil wine containing alcohol which we are not to drink.

18. Q.—What learned men positively state that unfermented wines existed and were used in Bible lands and times?

A.—Moses Stuart, Eliphlet Nott, Alonzo Potter, George Bush, Albert Barnes, William M. Jacobus, Taylor Lewis, George W. Samson, F. R. Lees, Norman Kerr and Canon Farrar.

'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.'—Hosea, 4th chapter, 5th verse.

Isn't It Strange.

Into a home came a poor, wretched working woman, who sighed as she worked until those about her listened and quarrel. The answer came: 'A drunken husband, ma'am.'

'And are your little children afraid when he comes home?'

'More afraid than they would be of a bear or a lion.'

Then, breaking down utterly, she continued, between sobs:—'I'm but a poor, ignorant woman, I don't know much; but sometimes I wonder why good people don't spend as much time, money and strength in shutting up the saloon at my corner once for all, as they spend in shutting up my Pat on the Island time and time again.'

Shall we not make reply to this question by becoming God's executives, in seeking to answer the prayers of breaking hearts?—Mrs. F. J. Barnes, Supt. 'Y.' Branch, World's W. C. T. U., in 'C. E. World.'

Refreshing Water.

Nature droops and flags without water. How soon a plant begins to fade and wither unless it gets its water supply. How soon it recovers when water is given to it. So the body is refreshed and nourished by water. We may learn this important lesson, that if any one is refreshed by alcoholic liquors, it is the water alone that can do that work, and therefore, it is better for us to use it pure and simple than when mixed with so dangerous a substance as alcohol.

True to Principle.

Louis Albert Banks tells, in the 'Union Signal,' of a Poughkeepsie business man, a widow's son, who started as a confectioner. He prospered in business, and became also a sincere Christian. By and by his principles were tested:

'One of his friends, who was one of the richest young men in the community and the best customer he had, came to his shop one day and ordered ten pounds of brandy drops. The young confectioner did not make these, but he ordered them from New York by express. Before they came, however, his conscience began to trouble him. Was he doing right in having a hand in selling these brandy candies? He knew that the young man who had ordered them would give them out among the young men and the young women of his acquaintance, and the result might be that more than one would get their first taste of intoxicating drink in that way, and no one could tell what sad result would come of it. On the other hand, if he refused to accommodate his customer, he would no doubt lose his friendship and his trade, and only drive him to someone else who would procure them for him. He could not sleep that night, and the more he thought about it, the more thoroughly convinced he became that it was not a Christian thing to have part in any way in putting temptation in the way of another. Having come to this conclusion, he acted with promptness and firmness. When the brandy drops came he immediately expressed them back to the wholesale firm in New York, and when the young man came around after them he frankly told him what he had done, and why. As he expected, the young man was very angry, and was full of contempt for him on account of what he called his "fanatical notions."

'That was the parting of the ways for these two young men. The poor young confectioner, that stood by his principles has grown to be a wealthy and honored citizen, while the rich young tippler has long since gone to a dishonored grave, eaten up by his sinful lusts and appetites as Herod was eaten by worms.

'Our young hero maintained the same attitude as his business enlarged and broadened. He became after a while a caterer, and on his business cards through all the years, he has kept the plain and simple statement that not only would "no wines and liquors be furnished by him,' but he will not permit his servants to serve at a feast or dinner where they are used. He has many times lost hundreds and thousands of dollars by this fidelity to principle, but it has never tempted him to swerve for a moment; and, perhaps, in the long run, he has gained by it, even financially. His splendid fidelity to principle has been a great object lesson for good to all who have known him, and has helped by example and influence to banish the punch-bowl and the wine-glass from many a wedding feast and public dinner in that part of the country.

'When the great Poughkeepsie railway bridge was nearing completion, a big dinner was given to the railway men of the country at that place. Our friend, as the leading caterer of the region, was secured for the occasion. But as the time drew near, and he found they intended to use wines, he refused absolutely to have anything to do with it, and so steadfastly did he abide by his purpose, that the wines were banished.

'Who can tell how wide the influence for good such a business man spreads through the community? Like Peter's healing shadow, on whomsoever the influence of such a man falls, its effect is to strengthen him in purity and righteousness of life.'—'Safeguard.'

Correspondence

Humboldt, Kans.

Dear Editor,—There is a large river running through this town. The name of it is the Neosho river. There are lots of fish in it of several different kinds. This town has about 1,000 inhabitants, and it has natural gas and petroleum oil wells. They bore 1,000 feet for it. We burn gas, and mother likes it better than any other fuel. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I have ridden on the train lots of times. I think when I get to be a man I shall be baggage-master on the passenger train. We have a good garden. The corn prospects are good for a big crop. My birthday is on Jan. 15.

ERWIN H. (Age 10.)

Canard. N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country three miles from the nearest town. I go to school every day when there is school. I have one brother but no sister. My father is a farmer. We have four horses and two colts, eleven cows and two calves, two hundred and thirty chickens and a great many hens, sixty young ducks and six old ones, and over thirty turkeys. We have a cat and a dog; the dog's name is 'Max.' He churns the butter, and he is twelve years old. My brother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time. I like it very much; papa says it is the best paper that comes to the house. I am a member of the White Ribbon Army. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday.

MARION E. (Age 10).

Boyle School District, Man.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school. We like it very much. We are farming. Our grain is not fenced so the cattle get on it; then I have to go after them on my pony. His name is 'Ned.' I have read about twenty-five books; I will name a few of them: 'Bessie in the City,' 'Bessie at the Seaside,' 'Elsie Dinsmore,' 'Three People,' 'Ester Reid,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and 'Alice in Wonderland.' We have several house plants. This is a good farming district. I go to school with Sadie McK., and I am acquainted with Agnes S. who wrote some time ago. My sister Myrtle is writing too. Wishing you all a pleasant vacation, I remain, your friend,

MAGGIE IRENA H. (Age 14.)

Greeley, Col., U.S.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a letter to the 'Messenger a year ago and will write one more this year. I go to school in winter, but not in summer. We have lots of flowers and a fine garden. We subscribed for the 'Northern Messenger' again this year and I think it is a very fine paper for children to read. I don't care much for reading, but I always like to read the 'Messenger.' I have one sister but no brothers. We have some chickens and a dog for pets. The dog's name is 'Babe.' My birthday is on December 18, just one week before Christmas. I like to ride on horses and bicycles. I am 13 years old. I live in Greely, Colorado. I like to live in Denver the best.

CLARA R.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My dear brother and I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday. We like it very much. We live next door to the school. I pass into the senior third and my little brother into the part second. We have a cat and it is a pet. Walter loves it very much; and we have a birdie nine years old.

NELLIE AND WALTER H.
(Age 10 and 7.)

HOUSEHOLD.

The Good-Bye.

(Alex. Ward, in the 'Day of Days.')

'George—George!'

'Well, what's wanting now?'

The young husband turned back from the door, and there was impatience in his tone, and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

'Nothing, only baby and I just want to kiss you good-bye.'

And the loving mother came up to him with her baby in her arms, and held up the small, soft face to his cheeks; and the little one crowed, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

'Oh! baby, you rogue, you'd like to pull out a handful, wouldn't you now?' laughed the merchant in a tone so unlike his former one, that you would not have recognized it, and he leaned down and kissed the little one over and over.

'Now it's my turn,' said the fond wife, smoothing away the rumpled hair, and kissing her husband's forehead, and as he went out of the house that morning the troubled look no longer rested upon his countenance.

That day it was appointed to George Anson to pass through a sharp and fearful temptation.

He was in the midst of a commercial crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a heavy payment was due, and there seemed no possible way in which the sum could be raised, unless—

He held the pen irresolutely in his shaking hand, and the veins of his forehead were swollen. A few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the needed amount, and his business credit would so far be safe. There was no sort of doubt in his own mind but that he could raise the money in time to refund it, and thus secure himself from discovery. The circumstances of the case, too, were most exceptional.

So whispered the tempter to George Anson, softening down the word forgery into a false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit.

The young merchant's eyes glared round his office, but there was no eye to see him; he dipped his pen with a kind of desperate eagerness into the inkstand, and he drew it along the paper—when suddenly his hand paused, struck by a thought—the memory of his wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing at the door, the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of motherly tenderness and wifely trust. The voice of the tempter passed away before the rush of holier emotion; he dashed down the pen. 'Mary! Mary! you have saved your husband; sink or swim, I will not do this deed; I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and our baby's tonight, if I carried the burning consciousness in my soul, though no other man ever did or would know my guilt. Mary, my wife, you won't know it, but that good-bye kiss of yours this morning has saved your husband from this great sin.'

George Anson did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by, and Mary, his wife, never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which, in her eyes, would have been worse than death.

Oh! ye who pant for broader horizons and higher opportunities, be sure God has appointed you a work where you are. Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours, for those small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity. And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew upon the characters around her.

How Women Rest.

'How differently,' says a writer in the 'New England Farmer,' 'men and women indulge themselves in what is called a resting-spell! "I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest a while," says the wife, but her husband throws himself upon the easy lounge or sits back in his arm-chair, with hands at rest, and feet placed horizontally upon the other chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half-hour he allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes' rest in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of backaches and warning pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, "I used to think I must do thus and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things." The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and home-maker.'

Health by Change.

It is sensibly said that the thing which a woman needs most essentially to keep up her health and spirits is change. Not necessarily a constant variation of scene and occupation, but a brief relaxation once in a while from the humdrum of her routine existence.

That nothing thrives well that is not occasionally transplanted to some other spot, there to take new ideas, to acquire fresh thoughts, to store up something that will be food for reflection when once more the burden of regulation existence is shouldered.

That there is a most harmful idea existing among certain good housekeepers, and most excellent women, that if they were to leave home for one day everything would at once collapse into a state of utter ruin; and this is a species of false conceit that prevents many a tired brain and body from obtaining the respite from grinding care that it is necessary for them to receive.

That husbands should take it upon themselves to provide certain little pleasant happenings to vary the monotony of domestic drudgery, that is a wife's heritage. This does not necessitate undue outlay of money; for a change, bright, pleasant and inspiring, can frequently be obtained in many ways when not one cent is required to secure it.

That, if it is possible, a little trip taken once in a while is the best tonic ever prepared. Seeing new places and new faces stimulates the imagination, braces up those forces that have been exhausted in the ceaseless round of hum-drum doings at home, and thus helps to build up the body in the pleasantest manner possible; and some little change of this sort is possible to any one who will make an effort to obtain it.—Philadelphia 'Star.'

A Meat Pie.

(Hale Cook, in 'American Agriculturist.')

This might be called a poor man's pie, but it would be so only in name, yet it is in reach of any one who can afford a common soup bone. Take an ordinary-sized shank, the best one procurable, have it cut in short lengths, take the bone end and lay it aside for another day's soup. Fill a large berlin kettle a little more than half full with hot water; when it boils, put in the balance of the shank, bone and all, add a pinch of soda, cover tightly and let it boil slowly until the meat is so tender that it will come to pieces if picked with a fork.

If there is little or no fat about the meat, chop up a half pound of suet and cook with it. Just before the meat is done, season with salt, pepper and sage. Dip the meat carefully into a bake tin, make the liquor into a gravy and pour a part of it in the pan. Now make a rich gem dough and spread it over this, putting bits of butter on top. Gem mixture makes a softer crust and is much easier made. Set the tin in the oven over a smaller one partly filled with hot water, and let it cook till the crust is thoroughly done, which may be tested with a fork through the centre. If, when partly cooked, several holes are cut in the crust, it will cook more evenly. Serve this with the balance of the gravy and you will imagine you are eating a very good chicken pie, at least that is the way we thought once on a time, when a chicken was not to be had.

The shank, if a good one, will in this way make two meals for a family of seven or eight, the first day with the pie, the next with the soup. There will be a small mess of meat to go with the soup, too. If care is taken with the buying of meat, it can be served much oftener than one is apt to think, who has to cater for a large family from a lean purse.

Found on the Street.

A Small Scrap of paper Picked up in a Colorado Town, and what it Lead to.

Mrs. S. Washburn Greeley, Col., sends a money order for five copies of the 'Northern Messenger' and adds the following interesting information: 'I accidentally found a piece of the 'Northern Messenger' in the street in Greeley and liked it so well that I went to the address on the attached label and asked if I could see copies of the publication. These I found to be even so much better than the piece that first attracted my attention that I have taken the liberty to send a few names for the 'Northern Messenger.'

If a small scrap of the 'Northern Messenger,' picked up on the street of a western American town, leads to the securing of five subscribers, how many subscribers should a whole copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' in the hands of an old friend, secure?—Editor.

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